

LOVE in a HURRY

by GELETT BURGESS
ILLUSTRATED by RAY WALTERS

SYNOPSIS.

Hall Bonistelle, artist-photographer, prepares for the day's work in his studio. Flodie Fisher, his assistant, reminds him of a party he is to give in the studio that night, and that his business is in bad financial shape. Mr. Doremus, attorney and justice of the peace, calls and informs Hall that his Uncle John's will has left him \$10,000 on condition that he marry before his twenty-eighth birthday, which begins at midnight that night. Mrs. Rona Royall calls at the studio and Hall asks her to marry him at once. She agrees for time, but finally agrees to give him an answer at the party that night. Miss Carolyn Edlitz calls and Hall proposes to her. She agrees to give him an answer at the party.

CHAPTER V.

Suddenly she sat up and looked round toward the office. She was keenly alive again, immediately. If love made her stupid and sluggish, she could revive her. Rosamund Gale! The sight of her stung Flodie like a whip. Here she was again, now, at all times, when everything was askew, Rosamund Gale, the professional model, Rosamund the beautiful, Rosamund the arrogant, the spoiled! Flodie disliked her, from her hair to her heels, disliked her name, her manners, her reputation, and, most of all, her photographs. Hall Bonistelle used her often for his commercial pictures which he sold for advertisements, for magazine covers, for art supplements. "Spring"—Miss Gale in damp cheesecloth with apple blossoms; "The Suffragette"—Miss Gale in tailored suit, gesticulating; and so on—Flodie always slapped the prints angrily with an irritated "Choo!" before she put them away. She would have been glad to slap Rosamund. Hall, posed her, arranged draperies, touched her hair, moved her hands—all exquisite agony for Flodie.

"Say, where's Hall?" Rosamund made a picture of herself in the doorway. Golden hair, highly colored, picturesque, even voluptuous, always in striking original costumes daintily "artistic," Rosamund, with all her dimples, her curls, her "lines," and her strange colors let Flodie have the full disconcerting effect of her beauty. She had the air of one who is quite used to being stared at and admired.

Flodie rose, her face set. "Mr. Bonistelle is busy, Miss Gale," she said, and walked toward the office, as if to brush the visitor back.

Rosamund, however, would recognize no mere denial. She swept into the studio as if she owned the place. "All right, I'll hang round a while till he's free. Say, Miss Fisher, fish me out a couple of those last poses, will you? I want to give one to a gentleman friend. Here—take this box out there and hang it up, while you're going, d'you mind?"

"Oh, certainly!" said Flodie. took the box and an apparent accident—dropped it. Rosamund made an angry gesture. "Oh, pardon me, I'm so careless," said Flodie. Then carrying it artfully, so that a full foot of it dragged along the floor, she marched out of the studio, chin up.

Rosamund looked about for a cigarette, and found a box on a table. "Oh, Miss Fisher!" she sang, "bring me a match, will you?" Then she yawned, and threw herself lazily on the couch. She began to whistle.

Flodie, returning, noticed that Rosamund showed too much silk stocking, also that one stocking had begun to "run." She noticed that Rosamund's shirtwaist was not quite fresh, noticed that her nails, though highly polished, were not absolutely—well—chaste. One heel was a bit run over; her moonstone ring needed cleaning; lace, part real and part imitation; eyebrows lengthened a little with the pencil; tiny rip in her glove. There was nothing an ordinary man would have seen, nothing that would have hurt, for him, the whole effect, even had he seen it; but Flodie saw and damned and said no more.

"Here are the matches, Miss Gale. I'll look up the prints this afternoon, when I have more time."

"Oh, thanks. Have a cig?" Rosamund held them up impudently. "Oh, don't you smoke?" Very sarcastic was Rosamund's tone. "No, you don't look 't' exactly." She laughed easily, confident of her own superior appearance.

Flodie's lips grew white; it would not take much more to make her cry. "Oh, I'd hardly expect you to understand," she managed to say, and turned to go.

"Oh, I understand you all right. I guess. Say, what are all those fancy evergreen wreaths doing out in the office, anyway?" She was blowing rings very prettily.

"Oh, Mr. Bonistelle is going to have a party tonight."

"Really? I'll have to ask him about that." She examined her finger nails. "I believe I'll come."

"I'm sorry, but the invitations were all sent out over a week ago, Miss Gale."

"Mine must have been addressed wrong."

"I don't think I ever make that kind of a mistake."

"No," said Rosamund deliberately.

SOME VERY QUEER COSTUMES

Gorgeous Raiment Has Been Common to Many Famous Writers—Disraeli's Green Velvet Trousers.

The London Daily Chronicle, in its interesting miscellaneous column, says: "A liking of gorgeous raiment, such as characterized Emile Verhaeren in his youth, has been common to many famous writers. Disraeli as a young man startled the town by an evening dress comprising green velvet

"the mistake you make is in supposing that you run this place."

Flodie eyed her. "Well, you set me such a good example, you know, Miss Gale—really."

The door opened, and Hall came out of the dark room blinking.

"Hello, Hall! How's the boy?" said Rosamund, and rearranged her pose quickly and deftly.

Exit Flodie, to dry her eyes in the office—to swear her innocent little "Darn it all, anyway!" to wait and wonder, to worry and grow ever more fearful, as the voices reached her ears.

Hall's face lighted as he saw Rosamund. Despite defects of detail, Rosamund, so nonchalantly posed, so fair and flashing, animate with youth and confidence, was, as ever, a picture in which he rejoiced. She had none of Carolyn's severe, clean-cut boyishness, none of the fullness of Mrs. Royall's aristocratic maturity. She was a woman that women would always shun, and men fight for, love—and abandon.

Hall looked at her, and her beauty sank deep into him. A golden tendril of hair in front of her ear caught his glance; and thence to the saucy frolicsome dimple in her cheek, the little uplifted corner of her delicate mouth, her white even teeth, the straight line of her nose, her finely-drawn eyebrows, to her violet-blue eyes, his quick glance traveled revealing. He did not speak till: "By jove, I'd like to take you in that pose!"

She, of course, immediately changed it to prove her lack of vanity, but fell into another as artful. Well she knew her trade.

"Oh, don't talk shop all the time," she said. "I'm just calling. I've been posing for three hours with Desfield, and I'm all in. For heaven's sake let me sit where I can't see a camera."

Say, Hall, how about this party tonight? You're not trying to cut me out are you?" She went up to him, took him by the two lapels of his coat, showed her teeth, and with her eyes, dared him to touch her.

He ran his hand through his hair. "By jove," he replied slowly, "didn't you get an invitation? Miss Fisher must have forgotten it."

She made a little gesture of reproach. "Oh, of course, if you didn't want me—you know, Hall, I never butt in. Never mind!" Pouting prettily, she turned away.

"Why, of course I want you to come!" What else could Hall say? But indeed, looking upon her, he meant it now. "Say, you're devilish

pretty, did you know it? I've never seen you look so well!"

Rosamund needed no more of an invitation. "Well," she said comfortably, "if you really want me, I'll promise to make some of that smart bunch of yours look like washwomen and that's no myth, either. Say, Hall, I've got a new dress I'm dying to have you see—smart as pepper! It's some rag, believe me! Can I go the limit?" She circled her corsage, indicating a daintily low-cut neck.

He laughed and nodded. "Oh, you can get away with anything in the way of clothes. By jove, you'd look all right in jumper and overalls."

"Good ideal! Let's try it some time! Queen of the Bricklayers." She struck a graceful attitude.

"Lord, you are pretty!" Hall said meditatively, watching her.

She gave him a look, caught a new expression on his face, and proceeded to work it up. Her first step was to say reflectively, as she cast down her golden tresses, "Say, Hall, I don't know—I guess I'd better not come tonight, though, after all, I don't believe you want me."

"Of course I want you, Rosamund!" He went up to her and tried to take her hand. "Do come—please!"

"No," she drew away from him pettishly. "I'm not coming. I've decided."

trousers, a canary-colored waistcoat, and a coat with lace cuffs. Dickens, likewise, was fond of a certain bright green waistcoat, which he wore in accompaniment with a vivid scarlet tie, and he turned up at Frith's studio one day in a sky-blue overcoat with red cuffs. Even more fearful and wonderful was Dumas' appearance at an ambassador's reception in a shirt on which were depicted a number of little red demons disporting themselves amid flames of yellow fire. My costume was a grand success," he

wrote; "everyone thronged round and made much of me."

Prayer.

If father gets the notion in his head that he is going to accomplish everything by prayer it makes it hard for mother, who has to get up early each morning in order that the children may have clothes and grub. I ain't knocking on prayer, mind you, but I don't pray for things that you can get without it.—Atchison County (Kan.) Mail.

Right Living for the Child.

Plenty of air, which includes sunshine, as sunshine always gets in with the air if it is anywhere around. Plenty of rest.

Plenty of water. (This means both within and without.) Moderate and nourishing food. Moderate clothing—ask yourself if the child is coolly enough dressed rather than warmly enough.

Plenty of play. Plenty of common sense. Which last, being interpreted, means the wisdom and the initiative to adapt all laws to individual conditions.—Good Housekeeping Magazine.

No Change at All.

"Does your married life seem home-like, my boy?"

"Oh, yes. My wife's quarrels are exactly like the row's mother used to make."—Chicago News.

Rosamund flung herself down on the couch.

Of course he followed her. "Now, Rosamund, see here!" This time he succeeded in getting her hand. "You've simply got to come. Why, you'll make that crowd stare! There isn't one of them that can come anywhere near you, for looks. I'll be awfully proud of you."

"Why?" Her hand moved in his, with the slightest possible caress. She put something into her blue eyes that made them burn with tenderness.

Hall drew her gently toward him, and whispered: "Come over here, and I'll tell you."

She hesitated a second, then permitted a closer contact, arranging it so that she could look up at him dreamily. "Well, what?" Now her eyes went down. Her fingers worked nervously. Very fine work, for that sort of a girl.

His arm tightened about her, he drew her head still nearer his. One instant she protested muffled, then, with a sigh she shut her eyes and shivered. Hall kissed her once, twice—thrice. She clutched his hand tightly.

When she did raise her lids, it was to look at him with big, pleading, wondering eyes. There were tears in them—almost. "What do you want to kiss me for, Hall?"

He kissed her again. "Why shouldn't I want to?"

The time had come. She jumped to her feet. "Hall, I'm going! I can't ever come here again. You've spoiled everything! It's only fun for you, but I can't play at it, that way!" She turned and walked to the window.

"Oh, I'm sorry—really." Hall walked toward her again. "I didn't mean—"

"Oh, I care too much, I'm afraid," she sobbed, and sat down mournfully, refusing to look at him.

"You mean—Rosamund!" He stopped, bit his lip and looked at her keenly. Rosamund could not be awkward or ridiculous. The dead-end gods had granted her the superb gift of grace. She sat in a limp, dejected but perfectly graceful attitude, a picture of grief and wounded pride. A keener man would have looked for more abandon in her woe, a touch of the grotesqueness of despair, something of convincing intensity. Perhaps Hall himself, at any other time, when his mind was free, might have had a suspicion that all was not genuine. But now he saw only a woman who loved him tenderly, and on whose emotion he had carelessly played. A wave of tenderness for her sweet over him—regret for his having touched her keen nerve; but it was colored, also, with the pride of the male in his conquest. The chase had already excited him. She was there, beautiful and fond, his victim—conquered by his force of personality. Try as he might to subdue this business, his egotism rose triumphant over his sympathy. The woman was his!

Then, with the thought, a lightning flashed in his brain. Here was the thing to do! He must be married before midnight. Why not Rosamund for his bride? She was ready, willing to be won, affectionate, a beauty whom he could be proud to exhibit as his wife. Mrs. Royall might give him prestige, introduce him to a smart set, present him, as her dower, with influence and position; but where would she be beside the compelling beauty of Rosamund Gale? Carolyn, perhaps, was better fitted to be his mate—she, too, was of the socially elect, and she had youth. Youth? Had not Rosamund the full fragrance of its charms? All this in a whirling instant—then with a swift rush, he had her in his embrace.

"Rosamund, dear Rosamund!" he exclaimed softly, "I did mean it—I want you, dear! Let me love you! How careful he was to be honest! I want you—for my wife, Rosamund! I must have you!" He held her tight and close; he kissed her more and more fervently.

Slowly, slowly, she lifted her blue eyes to his. "Really, Hall? Really?" Smiling through her tears, she nestled close.

"Then you do really love me, Rosamund?" Hall asked, after a minute of demonstration.

"Oh, Hall!" She ran her fingers through his hair.

Hall had a queer new sensation of pleasure. So far he had thought only of his marriage and his millions; but, with Rosamund warm and soft in his arms, her hair in his eyes, her heart beating so near—Rosamund had made him forget, for a minute. For the moment, if not in love with her, he was at least fascinated. She set his blood afire. His eagerness was not all dissimulation, when he said:

"Then we must be married immediately! I can't wait, Rosamund. What's the use of being engaged? I want you now—today!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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NOTICIAS DEL ESTADO

De interés para toda la gente de Nuevo México.

Western Newspaper Union News Service.

Nuevo México.

Silver City tuvo tres incendios en una noche.

Hay ahora 402 prisioneros en la penitenciaría de estado.

Se ha instituido una logia de Francmasones en Tularosa.

Una asociación para la protección de la caza se formó en Taos.

Santa Fé concedió los contratos para mejoramientos en Gallup.

El jefe del servicio de incendio en Roswell quiere un carro de \$4,000.

Cuarenta curros de manzanas fueron expedidos de la sección de San Juan.

Alrededor de 300 hombres están ahora trabajando en las minas de San Pedro.

Los ganaderos y agricultores de Roswell se han unido para beneficios mutuos.

Los "Elks" de Silver City dieron una bandera a la nueva escuela de Lincoln.

Los trabajos se están activando en un camino entre Bluewater y Mt. Sedgewick.

El trabajo de enlosado en las calles principales de Silver City fue empezado.

Una nueva compañía de milicia fue formada en Silver City con sesenta y cuatro miembros.

Los frijoles fueron una cosecha magnífica y provechosa este año en el valle de Estancia.

Un análisis de la corriente de petróleo en el distrito de Lake Arthur dio toda satisfacción.

Más de 100 carros de tomates empacados y expedidos esta estación de Lakewood.

Los Adventistas del Séptimo Día de Clovis dentro de poco empezarán la erección de una iglesia.

La construcción de buenos caminos en el condado de Curry está en un período de mucha actividad.

La producción mineral del condado de Luna durante los diez años pasados se estima en \$550,354.

Se han hecho recientemente grandes expediciones de corderos del distrito de Potosi en el condado de Union.

Alrededor de un millón de pesos se gastó el año pasado en salarios de escuela en Nuevo México.

En una semana 6,000 corderos de primavera fueron enviados de Española a diferentes puntos de Colorado.

Cierta cantidad de mineral de la vieja mina de Cooney en el distrito de Mogollon se está expidiendo a diferentes puntos.

Las recetas del correo de Albuquerque fueron de 59 por ciento más elevadas el mes de octubre, 1915, que el mismo mes del año pasado.

Mientras tratando de sacar una bala del interior de un rifle, Harold Haight de Logan tuvo la desgracia de una mala herida en el ojo derecho.

Las recetas procedentes de la venta y arrendamiento de tierras de estado durante los once meses pasados se elevan a la suma de medio millón de pesos.

La casa de correos en Jackson sobre el río Gila, recibió la visita de algunos ladrones que se fueron con la suma de \$80 en fondos de correo y sellos.

Un consejero legal fue designado en Roswell para la defensa de Sam Conn, el joven de Portales que será juzgado por asesinato de Adolphus Molsberger en abril p. pasado.

El grupo de minas de Carlisle fue vendido a un sindicato de Nueva York en la suma de \$300,000, que inmediatamente erigirá un edificio para molino de \$150,000.

Los habitantes de Deming han preparado un gran programa para la celebración a que dará lugar la venida de la campaña de la libertad a esa ciudad, el 16 de noviembre.

"No culpable" fué el veredicto presentado en Santa Fé después de una deliberación de cuatro horas en el caso del estado en contra de D. D. Douglas, acusado de incendio premeditado.

"Los senadores Clapp, Jones y Catron telegrafaron diciendo que son en favor de la sesión." Así dice una carta enviada a los interesados por la Unión Congregacional del sufragio de la mujer.

Thos. Bellife, de 35 años de edad, recibió un tiro de un hombre desconocido al momento en que al tren del Santa Fé salía de Raton. La bala penetró por la ventana y en las mandíbulas de Bellife, fracturando los huesos de esta parte de la cara.

La apertura formal de diez municipios, ó sean 230,400 acres de tierra, en el condado de Grant, ha sido anunciado para los interesados en tierras.

EPITOME DE LA SEMANA

Una breve relación de acontecimientos en curso en este país y en el extranjero.

Western Newspaper Union News Service.

Acerca de la Guerra.

Los Rusos han reanudado la ofensiva en Courland. Una batalla furiosa está en curso en esa región, según despachos procedentes de Petrograd.

Cuatro barcos de los aliados fueron atacados y hundidos por los submarinos alemanes, y veintitres personas perecieron, siendo heridas cuarenta otras.

Según declara un despacho de Berlín las tropas anglo-francesas operando en el sur de Serbia sufrieron una derrota completa. Sus pérdidas fueron enormes.

El Conde de Derby, director del servicio de recluta dice: "Si los jóvenes capaces de llevar las armas y que no son indispensables en ningún negocio de importancia nacional u otros negocios conducidos para el bienestar de la comunidad no se presentan de su propia voluntad antes del 30 de noviembre, entonces el gobierno, a partir de dicha fecha, tomará las medidas necesarias para reducir la promesa hecha el 2 de noviembre."

Washington.

El visconde Chinda, el embajador japonés, dió una gran recepción en la embajada al honor de la coronación del emperador Yoshihito.

El Presidente Wilson encuentra en la escritura santa un apoyo para su política de defensa nacional, y en una carta a Seth Low, quien escribió al presidente hablando bien del discurso que pronunció en el club Manhattan, refiere a algunos versos del capítulo tercero de Ezequiel.

Los oficiales del departamento de correo en Washington dieron un orden en contra de la Compañía de Seguridades Americanas-Canadenses, una casa de Denver, hace poco encazada por Duncan Bowen, político y una vez escribano de lectura en la división menor de la legislatura de Colorado.

General.

Seis personas fueron matadas y más de ciento fueron heridas, muchas seriamente, en una borrasca que se extendió por la sección de residencias de Great Bend, Kan., a las 7:30 el 10 de corriente.

Un mejicano, obrero de sección de ferrocarril, fué matado, siete otros fueron heridos y una propiedad estimada en \$40,000 fué destruida por una borrasca que se declaró en el sur de Wichita, Kans.

El decimatercio jurado fué obtenido en Los Angeles en el juicio de Matthew A. Schmidt, acusado de asesinato por su alagada cooperación en la destrucción del edificio del Los Angeles Times, el 1º de octubre, 1910.

El incendio que casi enteramente destruyó el taller número 4 de máquinas de la Compañía de Bethlehem, Pa., fué apagado en fin, mas no antes de haber causado una pérdida estimada entre \$1,000,000 y \$4,000,000.

Docientas y veinte personas fueron matadas en Chicago por automóviles del 1º de diciembre, 1914, al 1º de noviembre de este año, según muestran las estadísticas compiladas en la oficina del médico del crimen Hoffman.

Oeste.

Ciento oficiales de Villa salieron de Douglas, Ariz., para Piedras Negras, habiendo aceptado la amnistía.

La huelga de mineros en las minas de Coalición de Rey de Plata, en Park City, Utah, parece haberse terminado con victoria absoluta para la compañía.

Las deserciones de Villa continúan al paso de ciento por día, se dice. Seis agentes de Calles fueron ejecutados en las líneas de Villa, se supo en Douglas, Ariz.

El senado de Georgia pasó un proyecto de ley prohibiendo la publicidad para los licores, haciendo un caso de delincuencia la falta de obedecer a la ley.

Vientos fuertes, lluvia y nieves recias se extendieron sobre los estados de Nebraska, South Dakota, Iowa y Kansas. Cuatro personas fueron heridas en Hartford, S. D., que fué visitado dos veces por el mismo tornado.

Extranjero.

En Kioto, la antigua capital del Japón, Yoshihito fué consagrado emperador.

Un nuevo crédito de guerra de proporciones enormes se está considerando en Inglaterra.

Un despacho a la Compañía Telefónica de Reuter de Atenas, dice que se ha publicado un decreto disolviendo la Cámara de Diputados, y que las nuevas elecciones han sido fijadas para el 19 de diciembre.

El Primer ministro Asquith en la Cámara de Comunes anunció el establecimiento de una junta militar anglo-francesa en que los ministros ingleses y franceses serían presentes. El también expresó la esperanza de que Rusia e Italia entrarían en la junta.

Un despacho procedente de Viena recibido en Londres declara que el Neue Wiener Journal ha sido suprimido por una semana por haber criticado la censura. Cincuenta y cinco periódicos de provincia han sido suprimidos por haber publicado ciertas opiniones relativas a la cuestión de carencia de víveres.

Atenas reporta que Alemania y Bulgaria han decidido de arreglar la campaña de las Balcanes de tal manera que ninguna ofensa a la Grecia sea posible.

CROPS IN NEW MEXICO

FINAL ESTIMATES BY DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE.

Western Newspaper Union News Service.

Final Estimates of crop production and prices for the state of New Mexico and for the United States, compiled by the Bureau of Crop Estimates (and transmitted through the Weather Bureau), U. S. Department of Agriculture, is as follows:

Corn.

State—Estimate this year, 2,820,000 bushels; final estimate last year, 2,576,000; price Nov. 1 to producers, 67 cents per bushel; year ago, 87 cents.

United States—Estimate this year, 2,090,000,000 bushels; final estimate last year, 2,673,000,000; Nov. 1 price, 61.9 cents; year ago, 70.6 cents.

Wheat.

State—Estimate this year, 2,020,000 bushels; final estimate last year, 1,835,000; price Nov. 1 to producers, 81 cents per bushel; year ago, 103 cents.